The Coffee Maker.



contrary, he changed the subjet by say-ing: "I think we're going to get some good weather now, and if we do I guess trade

'll pick up."
"Does the weather make much differ-

stand the wet and cold so well. Why, when I was a boy, wet and cold or dry and warm

'twas all the same to me, an' I could do a day's work with any of 'em." Then the old chap told me how he lost his eyesight, and about how he had got along since that

calamitous visitation, and when I asked him if sometimes he did not feel discouraged, he replied: "O, no; when my time comes I'll be ready."—and as he hobbled away, feebly crying: "Pen-silis! pen-silis!" I saw that I was being eyed rather curiously by the company of the compa

ly by a policeman. Instantly I concluded I was being laughed at as a sentimentalist,

and so I approached the peace guardian with: "Do you know the old man?"

"Yes, I've known him by sight for a long time, and I was glad to see him make a sale. All right? You bet he is! That is, I

never saw him beg or steal or do anything wrong, and he seems always moving and

Thoroughly ashamed of myself for suspecting the old man, I began to feel that it

would be only square to overtake him and buy an additional couple of pencils, when

I was addressed with: "Say, mister, can't you give me some work to do, I'm from Danbury, Conn., and I'm broke."

Go to the Country Young Man.

I asked the young man who stood before

me how he happened to be in Washington,

and he allowed that he came down to en-

list because of hard times at Danbury

Then he explained that now that he was

here and had seen and talked with some of

the soldiers, he didn't want to go into the

army. He said he was willing to do any

kind of work in order to hang on to the

"Then you're not entirely 'broke."

added, and he continued: "No, an' that's

why I want work. I don't want to be with-

I asked my companion if he could mille

a cow and take care of horses, and he gave an affirmative answer, as he did when I

the care of poultry and livestock in general. Then I advised him to start afoot toward Baltimore, applying for work of farmers

on the way. His objection to this was that he did not care to be taken for a tramp, but when I told him there were

tramp, but when I told that his face, tramps and tramps and that his face, clothes and manner would indicate that he clothes and manner would indicate that he

was one of the other kind he said: "I guess it's the best I can do," and disap-

The Cough Drop Man.

The sight of so many people on the edg

of want caused me to strike an economical

street. Hardly had I turned into F street

when I noticed a man who stepped briskly, who had a somewhat jaunty poise to his

leather strap as though supporting some load in front. And he was singing. I tried to catch the words of his refrain, but

couldn't do it, while the tune he chanted

was so forbidding that I did not dare to

overtake and pass him. As he reached the

The Crossing Sweeper.

Standing erect and without leaning against

anything, the man persuaded me that he

was out for business, and vigorous and

active about it. Then I caught a sing-song recitation about somebody's cough drops.

I had no cold or cough, but I wanted to

talk with the apothecary and so I asked for a package of his goods. Incidentally I in-quired and learned that Washington is a great place for the obtaining of a choice

variety of throat and lung troubles; that our early evenings are insidious with their fogs and cold, damp winds, and that these coughs, if taken in time, may be cured with "these here drops." The peripatetic doctor told me he had been in the business a good while: that his earnings have been fairly

while; that his earnings have been fairly

good and satisfactory; that the work is rather laborious, but that "it's a heap bet-

ter than workin' fer somebody else at a dollar and a half a day."

The experience put a new idea into my head, which, it seems to me, might be useful during such times as the present. If one

cough drops, the peddler would cry: "Stomach drops! cures dyspepsia, heart burn, stomach burn, &c.," or else he might cry: "Brain wafers! cures headache, nervousness, insomnia, &c." The different ailments

are almost innumerable, and they might all

be cured on the streets. Hundreds of men

corner of F and 14th streets he stopped.

sked if he knew about cutting wood and

\$1.75 he had in his pocket.

peared up 7th street.

out a cent."

trying hard to make a living.'

and a large majority regret that they, less fortunate, are forced to say good-bye to us and our many notable possessions.

Speaking of visitors and objects of interest reminds me that I have been impressed with the notion that the average human being files too high when he reaches Washington. Somehow all of us ordinary chaps, simultaneously with leaving the cars that bring us to the national capital, become sed of the notion that we have grown in all ways. An inch or two has been added to our stature, we eye the nickel-slot weigher as we realize that our weight has increased, and, full of satisfaction over a belief that while in Washington at least we are liable to be mistaken for a cabinet officer. a Senator or a member of the House. we begin to argue with ourselves on the advisability of buying a new and larger hat.

It is the conceit, natural and therefore not cinous, which causes us to look only from high altitudes and to see only big things during the first week or two of our stay in Washington. Of course we see the great marble shaft-the city's stupendous sun-dial suse wherever we may be we can'

The First Week.



belp it, and of course we "do" the Capitol building and grounds, the department build-ings and all the rest, while the guides and cabmen "do" us and all the rest. After the First Week

us it was that after becoming som what casy as to the city and its ways and means, I decided to look for the little things of interest; to come down from off my serch and realize that at best we are all of us quite commonplace. Accordingly I rushed from my hotel to catch a car to the Central market, to find the blamed thing a hundred yards away and going like the Chicago limited. I was annoyed, and as I stood on the curb listening to the tireless machine-shop rattle of the cable as it chased Steelf along under the pavement, a muscular, roseate and odoraferous chap addressed ten cents: I haven't had any-" I interrupted him with the assertion that if he wanted something to eat I would ac

a meal, at which he floored me with: "I wasn't askin' for somethin' to eat; I want : drink! I haven't had a nip yet this mornness and failing, at which the "Pick-up Man" lirted his long hook of iron and

giancing at me contemptuously, said: "I'll bet that old bum makes more every day than I do. He's worked a dozen guys like you within the past hour, and I'm giad of it." I thanked the capie catcher for his sympathy and added. "He told me frankly that he wanted a drink. He didn't try to fool me with any hungry dodge."
"Drink!" ejaculated the pick-up, "why, I'll bet he's got a barrel of red liquor in his house. That man! Why, he owns the house he lives in and I wouldn't wonder 'f he had

money in the bank."

Just then another car came along, and found a seat behind a chap who was readat the head-lines. I saw that ten thous and men out of work and money in Chicago

are being fed by that city; that the govern or of Michigan has issued a proclamation calling on citizens to help the upper penin-sula miners; that the distress among the poor of New York is unparalleled; that a grand concert for the benefit of the poor of Washington is to be given, and so on, and I unconsciously remarked: "A man's an idiot who gives alms on the street or to the house-to-house beggar." There Are Frauds.

"That's what!" answered the man in front of me, as he dropped his paper to continue: "I've just come from the Associated Charities, and I tell you they are doing s good work. For instance, my wife and myself, during the past week, have been giving food and east-off clothing to a poor woman who told a most plausible tale of desertion, inability to get work, large family of children and the rest of it. We would not have believed her had it not been she explained where she lived—in an alley only a equare or two from my home—giving num-ber and all details. That settled it. Such hearby went couldn't be bogus, and so we gave her some food and a few bits of clothdo it? Most voluminously! She's been to our house every day for a week, and got something each time. Yesterday I reported the case to the Associated Charities, and the case to the Associated Charities, and today they report to me that no such woman lives where our protege described, and further, that the woman who duped us makes a regular calling of the beggar business, has no children, and that her husband gets \$1.25 a day working on the rail-road."



Congratulating myself that I was no the only person who had been imposed upon by counterfeit objects of charity, I left the car and hurried across to the side walk to have my attention attracted to a short, stooping and tottering figure which was carried along by the wobbling shuffles of feet keeping time to the quick tappings of a pair of canes upon the flagstones. "Pen-sills, pen-sills," was the cry which came to me in piping, childish treble, and I saw the old blind pencil peddler.

There was a sight, especially in these hard times, to do one good. Deprived of

sight, so that the trade learned in early life was useless; weak and feeble and old, so that the wet, muddy streets were a mare and the chilling weather a discom-fort, this human being had sufficient pride ing a public charge, and the best of us can do no more. I bought a couple of pen-eils, and as I dropped 10 cents in the lit-tle receptacle which was between and an adjunct to his double-barreled pencil hol-

Where French, Arab and Moor Picturesquely Mingle.

A STROLL THROUGH THE CITY

Many Types of Men Seen on the Boulevard.

IN THE MOORISH QUARTER

U. S. S. BALTIMORE. ALGIERS, December 1, 1893. Just 400 miles from the Rock of Gibraltar lies the modernized ancient town of Algiers, half French, half Arab and Moor. It is snugly ensconced under the shelter of Cape Coeni, on whose heights stands the mosque-shaped Church of Notre Dame d'Afrique, the patron saint of the fishermen who throng the African shore of the Mediterranean. Every Sunday high mass is performed in the open air on the overhanging cliff on which the church is mounted for the souls of the sailors lost in the sea giers, half French, half Arab and Moor. It ence with your sales?" I asked.
"Only by keeping me off the street, I ain't so strong as I used to be, and can't for the souls of the sailors lost in the sea that slashes against the rocks below. Rounding Cape Coeni he sees the town of Algiers, so long the stronghold of the piratical Moors, covering the hillside with its the green tree-topped hill to the smooth good night to the ancient Moorish strong water below the white houses lie as if hold. HORACE MACFARLAND. they had slipped down from the ridge and now rested as if they had piled themselves the one upon the other. The arms of stone that reach out from the shore to clasp the smooth harbor were made by Christian slaves far back in the days of the old Algerian pirates, and through the narrow opening between them went forth in those Europe. By one of the stranger turns of in him. Fortune's wheel, the descendents of these cruel Moors labored to finish the very breakwaters on which so many Christian slaves had been employed. But we are close to the entrance, and even now pass between the extremities of the arms of the breakwater. On our right is a weatherbeaten light house, and on our left an old fort with crumbling walls beaten to a dull gray hue by wind and storm. Once inside we lie in smooth water close to a fleet of lateen sailed feluccas, whose brown sails and browner fishing nets hang from their high yard arms in quaint festoons. Before us stretches out the high festoons. Before us stretches out the high stone terrace whose broad top forms the Boulevard de la Republique, and under whose arches all the commerce of the town is done. A stumpy, double-ended boat painted in half a dozen bright colors lands us on the long, broad quay of massive stone. Long rows of barrels filled with Algerian wine from the fertile vineyards of Blida half cover the quay.

half cover the quay.

On the Boulevard. We climb up two long flights of stone steps and gain the Boulevard. It is 5 o'clock and all Algiers is out in its best bib and tucker to see and be seen-and these types of the strange life of this loop hole of the desert are worth being seen. Here counters a tail Arab whose rank is shown by the long, brown camel's-hair cord binding his "naik" to his flat skull cap. His iress is that of the true wanderer of the desert. The flowing snowy "burnouse" parts in front to show the white "gandoura," parts in front to show the white "gandoura," which covers his body and is bound in close to his waist by a long sash of silk. Full six feet tall, with aquiline features and the pose of a conqueror, the Arab of the desert at least is not a disappointment. He glances from side to side with fierce, curious eyes, as if he wondered at the Europeanized town that Moorish al Diogram had become and that Moorish el-Djezair had become, and there is scorn in his wonder. But this same civilization is not always powerless before savage virtue, for here is an Arab of the own, a small merchant, with clothes of the familiar Zouave cut, a Turkish fez doorway of his little shop, bargaining with very voluble Frenchman, whose tall silk hat shakes with every vehement nod of the head beneath. Both are talking at once in what seems to be a hopeless endeavor to fix a price for the roll of silk the Arab holds in one hand. A stranger figure yet is that of a half-starved Kabyle, who stalks along. A peak on his coarse camel's-hair burnouse he peers out from under it with wolfsh eyes at the throngs of people sitting in the many cafes that almost line the Boulevard. Little chairs and tables fill the sidewalk and even pre-empt a goodly portion of the street in true Parisian style; for we all take our tone from Paris here in Algiers. Paris is Algiers as well as France. Let us turn aside and sit at one of the little tables and watch the crowd go by. Just across from our table a party of French officers are sitting, sipping party of French officers are sitting, sipping their absinthe and discussing the state of affairs in the interior. To our right a couple of Turcos are drinking with a chasseur d'Afrique, whose long, heavy saber rests on a chair beside him. A little farther off a party of civilians, the women in the gowns of the latest Paris mode, form a strong contrast to the groups of Arabs who throng contrast to the groups of Arabs who throng the street. As if to complete the bizarre scene, a native cavalryman dashes down the wide street, giving us a glimpse of white naik, shading a lean, brown face and meiting into a snowy burnouse, that is in turn lost in the high red leather cantle of the Arabian saddle.

The Moorish Quarter. But it is not down here on the boulevard that we can find the native of northern Africa at his best. Let us turn up one of the steep streets-if these narrow alleyways can be called by that name—that lead to the Moorish quarter. Up, up we clamber, gems. He is not a Harvard graduate, but until we find curselves in the Cas bak, a quarter where the houses, clinging to the steep hill side, seem to lean the one toward the other for support. Few windows have these neighborly houses, and those few, covered with pars, crossed again and again so as to enectually hide all view of their interiors from the passers-by. The door-ways are arched and carved in that quaint fashion we term Arabesque, and their portais are niled by massive wooden doors, studded with large iron bolts, and having near their top little barred windows, through which the cautious warder may scan the stranger seeking admittance before he draws back the many bolts that secure the door at foot, head and middle. At one of these doors stands a water carrier, on whose shoulders rests one of the large earthen pots which these people have for centuries used for carrying that precious

centuries used for carrying that precious liquid—water.

Rarely does a European enter one of these jealously guarded doors, but, fortunately for us, a little farther up we find one ajar, and catch a glimpse of an ample court yard, in whose center plays a fountain, shaded by palms and shrubbery. All is white within. Even the pillars surrounding the court have their delicate carving almost filled in with coats upon coats of whitefilled in with coats upon coats of white-

Down the narrow lane in which we stand come a couple of Arab women, carefully rolled up in numberless yards of white muslin; the yash mak of thin white muslin, although it hides all but the eyes, conformable to Mohammedan custom, is still so thin as to be transparent. Doubtless its degree of thickness depends largely on the ful during such times as the present. If one man may sell cough drops on the street, why may not many men sell many other remedies in the same manner? Instead of cough drops, the peddler would cry: "Stomach drops! cures dyspepsia, heart burn, ach drops! cures dyspepsia, heart burn, stomach burn, &c.," or else he might cry: women must carry their dowry on their per-sons. This one was decked out in a gorgeous gown of heavy brocade, with a breast plate of stiff gold embroidery; her head was covered by a gold-embroidered black silk handkerchief, held in place by a resplen-

be cured on the streets. Hundreds of men might, in this way, find work.

Leaving my cough drop friend, and rolling up my pants, I resolved to elaborate my plan as I walked and to lay it before the District Commissioners as a possible vehicle for carrying a part of the present hard-times load. I would be a philanthropist and—just then a small boy intercepted me at the crossing. He was colored, bright, fairly well attired and in earnest. In his left hand he held an old broom, while the other one was held up to emphasize his claim that he had "been sweepin' here all day to keep the crossin' clean fer you all. Won't you gimme a penny?"

black of stiff gold embroidery; her head was to covered by a gold-embroidered black silk handkerchief, held in place by a resplented ent scarf; around her neck she wore a heavy necklace of gold coins—probably the balance of the dowry after paying for the fair Jewess emerged, the scene changes from gloomy houses with black walls to a street of little shops in whose doorways sit their proprietors chattering with the passing buyers. One Arab holds his little son on his knee and is stirring to adjust the long sash that finishes the Moorish toilet. As the little fellow esples us he jumps As he was the first self-elected crossings weeper I had seen in twenty years. I humored him and continued my walk, contend that the average individual may earn food and lodging under almost any conditions, if, on the pinch he is not over fastiditions; if, on the pinch he is not over fastiditions it to Washington, get up too high and so overlook small opportunities.

CHAS. S. HATHAWAY.

As he was the first self-elected crossings weeper I had seen in twenty years. I humored him and continued my walk, contend that the average individual may earn of the scarf, spinning the youngster stones. The prizes are large enough to tempt very many little boys and girls, thouse the did days."

Well, "repited his friend, "if many illustrous the these duil days."

Well, "repited his friend, "if many illustrous the prize are large enough to tempt very many little boys and girls, to the pince as large enough to tempt very many little boys and girls, to the pince as large enough to tempt very many little boys and girls, to the pince as large enough to tempt very many little boys and girls, to the pince as large enough to tempt very many little boys and girls, to the pince as large enough to tempt very many little boys and girls, to the pince as large enough to the editor. "Well, may illustrous the stories. The prizes are large enough to tempt very many little boys and girls, to the pince as large enough to the editor. "Well, that is neither over one the staming to the wisitor to the stories. The prize are large enough to tempt very many little boys and girls, to the pince as a stalling. "You look." sald the editor.

William (at his history lesson).—"I'm glad with the books alone. Of the control of the control of the many litustories. The pince as large enough to tempt very many little boys and girls, to the prize stories. The prize as large enough to the tempt very many little boys and girls, to the prize stories. The prize as large enough to tempt very many little boys and girls, to the prize to the stories. The control of the sto

SEENIN ALGIERS. dozen grave Arabs are sitting cross-legged on the divan drinking their little cups of coffee and smoking their nargilehs.

coffee maker, over which he is making our First he heats his water until it is boiling. Now and then he puts in the finely powder- again." ed coffee with a little sugar and lets it rest a moment before he pours it out into the tiny cups. Our coffee is black and very thiny cups. Our coffee is black and very thick, but of an excellent flavor, and we sip it in leisurely fashion as we watch the strange scene around us. Some of the patrons of the cafe are looking straight in front of them, smoking and sipping their coffee in an abstracted manner as if their thoughts were far away. Others less dignified gaze curiously at the mad Americans, and doubtless many scathing criticisms of us animate their low-spoken conversation. They are great story tellers, these Arabs, us animate their low-spoken conversation. They are great story tellers, these Arabs, and over their little cups of black coffee and their cool nargilehs relate wonderful tales of adventures in Abyssinia, the Bagdad of these new Arabian Nights. The nargileh lends itself readily to the narration of marvels, for with its long stem yonder old Dheik can emphasize the wonderful teats of his hero and from its fragrant depths he his hero and from its fragrant depths he draws fresh inspiration with each deliberate

meets that same boulevard from which we started out.

It is dark and the lights on the harbor

send their long beams of red and green and white across the water. Down two pairs of cal Moors, covering the hillside with its stairs and we find ourselves once more on square houses of native white stone. From the quay, ready to take boat again and say

A TRUTHFUL MAN.

He Would Not Romance Even in Telling His Life's Sorrows.

From the Detroit Free Press. He wasn't a tramp exactly, but he was nestly one. He had struck the merchant for bygone days the galleys that terrorized all \$1 and the merchant was rather interested

"I don't see," he said, "why you go about asking for money or help. You are an intelligent man, and I should think you could get something to do."

"I don't know about that." was the despondent rejoinder. "The Lord knows I tried hard enough to get along before I lest my heart entirely." "What do you do?"

"Well, a little of everything. I had some money and I thought I'd go to raising rice in South Carolina and show those people down there how to do it right. I knew it all, of course, and one day a man came along selling a new brand of rice. He was a nice looking man from New York, and I liked his style. He liked my style, too, he said, and would sell me the exclusive right to handle his stuff in South Carolina. It was something new-a seed that could not be exposed to the light, but that would yield three times as much as the old vaieties.

That was what I was looking for, and very quietly I took it in, paying \$200 for the right and four sealed cans of seed, I did all the work at night, and when it was finished I sat down to wait and chuckle over my enterprise. But I waited and walted and nothing came, and one day I looked into the old cans and found I had been stuck with some mean little wheat grains, and you might just as well try to raise icicles in the bad place as to raise wheat in a South Carolina rice swamp."
"That was bad luck," said the sympathis-

ing merchant.
"So I thought, and I left the state and went to raising cattle in western Kansas. Hadn't more than got my herd set out before a cyclone came along and blew every horn of it over into the next county, and when I went after my stock a plous cowboy who had gathered them with his own informed me that they had been sent to him by Providence and he'd like to see As he had a Winchester and a lot of friend with him, I didn't see my way clear to in terfering with the ways of Providence, and l left the country.' "It's pretty hard when Providence goes

against a man," ventured the merchant, kindly. "Yes, but that isn't all," said the discorsclate one. "With what little I had left I went to Pennsylvania and bought a waterwent to Pennsylvania and bought a water-power grist mill in the mining regions. I fixed it up with new machinery and for a while it looked as if my luck had changed and I was going to come out on top at last. "But one night a big mine lying under the stream that gave me my mill power caved in or sunk down just enough to change the lay of the land, and, by gum! the water began to run the other. the water began to run the other w. and when I got to the mill in the morning the water gates were open and my mill had been running backward until every blame wheel was busted and the whole shebang was a wreck."

was a wreck."

The man wiped a tear from his eye.

"Then it was." he went on, "that my heart broke, and I lay right down and quit. Now, do you blame me for what I am

The merchant gave him \$2 and the man

was in a police court next morning.

PRACTICAL GIFT TO HARVARD. James A. Garland to Provide Four Series of Art Lectures.

James A. Garland of New York has arranged a practical gift to Harvard in the form of four series of art lectures, for which he will pay all the expenses. Mr. Garland has already given to the Harvard University Museum \$25,000 worth of rare he is educating his son at Cambridge.

By his gifts four courses of free public evening lectures on art are to be given this winter, the aim being to add to the historical treatment of art the finished treatment of professional experts. The lecturers will be Edwin H. Bastfield, artist and master of decorative art in its highest sense; Thomas Hastings of Carrere & Hastings, architects, who are the designers, among other large buildings, of the hotels at St. Augustine, Fla.; F. Hopkins Smith, whose illustrations and stories for the magazines have made his name familiar in every household, and Prof. John C. Van Dyke, the art critic and lecturer of Rutgers Col-

hege.

Mr. Blastfield's lectures are to be upon the Renaissance, Mr. Hastings' upon architecture, Mr. Smith's upon illustrative art, outdoor sketching, processes in black and white, &c. Prof. Van Dyke will give six lectures on Renaissance painting.

FOLLOWING PRECEDENT.

Old Bill Botts Had Found the Heather Chinee Not at All Accommodating. From the New York Herald.

A good, honest fellow in his way was Rill Botts, but he had never had an opportunity to study moral philosophy as taught in the colleges and universities. He came from Biddeford, in Devon, and very likely some of his ancestors had helped Drake "wallop" the Spaniards. He had followed in their footsteps by enlisting in the navy to fight for his queen and country whenever called upon to do so.

When he returned from a voyage to China he brought with him a present for a gentleman who had been very kind to his old mother during his absence. It was a curiously fashioned Chinese garment made of bits of a species of straw strung together.

"Plase, sir, you must excoos un being torn," he said bashfully when he presented it, "the Chinaman wouldn't part with un somewhere in the streets of Hong Kong, and the unfortunate Celestial not under-standing his summary request to "Hand

that over here," he had simply yanked it To the suggestion that his conduct had hardly been consistent with strict honesty he replied:

"Beggin' your pardon, sur, he wuz only a haythen, an' I never heard that taking things from a haythen counted as stalin'." "Well," replied his friend, "if many illus-trious Englishmen had not acted on that

STUCK ON THE TANGLE-FOOT.

Owing to an Unfortunate Incident Mrs. Noodles Loses a Visitor. Just at the door is the charcoal fire of the "My dear," said young Mrs. Noodles to her most intimate friend, "Mr. Potifex has coffee in a little tin pot with a long spout. not been here to call since last spring, and my own opinion is that he will not come

"Why not, pray?" "Oh, it is quite a sad story. Mr. Noodles tried to blame me for the occurrence, but I was certainly not responsible. If it had not been fly time the thing would never have happened. "Fly time?"

"Yes; otherwise the fly paper, which caused the mischief, would have been absent It was only a single piece of it, about a foot and a half square, which I had put on the window sill in the parlor. It was the kind, you know, that relies not upon poison but upon its stickiness for purposes of capture. I bought two pieces, but the cat ventured incautiously upon one of them. When I next saw the animal it seemed to be fairly covered with small scraps of paper adhering so closely to her fur that we were obliged to give her a bath in hot water in order to get rid of them." "Did you ever!"

"So, as I was going to say, it was the other piece that I had placed carefully on the window ledge. Bridget was dusting the same morning in the parlor, and, to facilitate her operations, she put the fly paper for a moment on the divan. It was not the spot I should have selected, but servants are sometimes eccentric, you know she was interrupted in her task by a ring at the door bell, and a moment later she came upstairs with the card of young Mr. Potifex. Meanwhile the visitor had walked into the "On the divan?"

"Exactly so. He rose to greet me as I entered, and we had a very pleasant conversation. Some charitable work in which he tion. Some charitable work in which he took an interest had brought him. At the end of half an hour's chat he got up to go, and I then observed that a large sheet of what looked like brown paper adhered to his trousers behind. I recognized my fly paper at once. Mr. Potifex was wholly unconscious of it until I called his attention to the circumstance. to the circumstance."

"Goodness! What did he say?"

"Oh, he was very polite about it, though it must have cost him much self-restraint not to swear, because the trousers he wore were quite new and very handsome. That is to say, they had been handsome, but when the fly paper was detached the seat when the my paper was detached the seat of them was covered with the horrible sticky stuff. I declare that I could have died with mortification. Mr. Noodles being upstairs I called him down. He seemed rather amused than otherwise, but said that he could remove the stains quite easily with "Chloroform?"

"Yes; you know that Mr. Noodles takes great interest in collecting spiders. He el-was keeps a good-sized bottle of chloroform on hand to kill them with. So he took the unfortunate Mr. Potifex up to his own den and proceeded to apply it. After awhile I heard them both go down stairs again, and my husband informed me that he had 'fixed

him up nicely, as he expressed it. Such proved to be the case, in fact."

"The chloroform took it out?"

"Most of it, at all events. But, being rubbed on very hard, it took all the skin off underneath. I understand that Mr. Potifex was obliged to set his meals from the was obliged to eat his meals from the mantelpiece for three or four days afterward. Perhaps you will agree with me in thinking that the affair may be accountable for the fact that he has not called upon us

ROSINA VOKES' ILLNESS. Rapid Consumption Has Forced Her

From the Stage Forever. Rosina Vokes is confined to her room

the St. James Hotel, and for most of the time to her bed, says the New York Times. She is a very sick weman, and the fact that she continued to play until last Saturday, when she fairted on the stage in Washington, is a tribute to her remarkable will power rather than to her strength. Her disease is rapid consumption, and it is playing sad havoc with the popular actress. has been obliged to deny herself to her best friends, and no cards are sent to her. Her husband, Cecil Clay, is a constant attendant at her side, and she has the best of care that money can command. It is the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Clay to sail for England Saturday if Mrs. Clay railies sufficiently to be moved to the steamer. If not, they will take the first steamer possible after Saturday.

after Saturday.

The Rosina Vokes Company has been disbanded, and all its members, with the exception of M. Marius, are now in New York city, without an engagement. A plan was formed by Clarence Fleming, Miss Vokes' manager, to continue the tour booked, but this has fallen through. The scheme was for Ffolliott Paget, another English actress, to take Miss Vokes' place, and to run the organization on the commonwealth plan, salaries to be paid proportionately from the nightly receipts. Mr. Marius, however, was offered an engagement by John H. Russell as stage manager of his "Comedians," and his acceptance broke the ranks of the company and the scheme was abandoned. pany and the scheme was abandoned.

Clarence Fleming, who has been Miss Vokes' manager for the past nine years, will manage the tour of Edward Vroom, in his new version of "Ruy Blas," beginning January 8. Speaking of Miss Vokes' collapse, Mr. Fleming said: "She has continged acting without rest are the school of the company of the second of the secon used acting without rest against the advice of her friends, and the result was foreseen a long while ago. Four years ago I tried to induce her to confine her work to alter-nate years, but her love for America was so nate years, but her love for America was so great that she was never happy away from it. Last spring again an effort was made to induce her to rest this year and return to America next season. She could not bear the notion of breaking up her company, however, which has always been like a family party, and she refused to listen to the advice. She has kept on playing for the sake of keeping her company together until her strength has utterly given out, and it is not at all probable that she will ever play not at all probable that she will ever play

Written for The Evening Star. To Melpomene. Hor. Odes, III, 30. A monument more lasting than of bronze A pyramid of more exalted height Which neither wasting storm nor raging wind, Nor years in endless series rolling on. Nor flight of ages ever can destroy. I shall not altogether pass away. My greater part shall be exempt from Death, My fame renewed by ages yet to come all ever rise so long as Rome's High Priest, The Vestal Virgin silent by his side, With solemn step ascends to Jove's great shrine That I was first to sing Acolian verse

Unto Italian measures soft and sweet, Where Aufidus pursues his rapid course, and where King Dannus reigns o'er rustic men My muse! O take the noble pride allowed To worthy ones and kindly bind my locks With wreaths of laurel from the Delphic shrine

A Deadlock

From Harper's Bazar. "What is this?" "A young man of the period. Is he not work of art?" "He is, indeed." "Is he engaged?" "Yes."

"To whom?" "To a young lady of the period, who loves him deeply."
"And when are they to be married?" 'Never.' 'Never! And why not?"

"She will not marry him until he has paid his debts, and he cannot pay his debts until she marries him."

Looking Ahead.



HE best Christmas gift for young folks is a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS MAGA-ZINE, now beginning the very greatest year in its history. It has been en-larged by the addition of 200 pages in the vol-ume, and "Wide Awake"

has just been merged in it. Boys and girls like a subscription to a magazine twelve times better than any other kind of a gift because it comes twelve times as often. It gives

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The Century Co.

them a Christmas every A Reduced Facetonile of the Handsome Suite to those who wish to use St. NICROLAS a If you wish to use ST. NICHOLAS for Christmas, send \$3.00 to the publishers. Ask for a year's subscription beginning with the magnificent Christmas number and get November FREE; ask, also, for the handsome subscription certificate shown here. We will send YOU the November and December numbers and the certificate to present at Christmas.

Future numbers will go to the recipient of your gift. Make ST. NICHOLAS your Christmas gift. There is nothing like it for THE CENTURY CO., 33 East 17th St., New York.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RIDERS OF MANY LANDS. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge, brevet lieutenant colonel, U. S. army, author of "The Campaign of Chancellorsville," A Bird's-eye View of Our Civil War," "Patroclus and Penelope, a Chat in the Saddle," "Great Captains," "Alexander," "Hannibal," "Caesar," "A. "Uncreated "Huntrated" "Caesar," &c. Illustrated with numerous drawings by Frederic Remington and from photographs of Oriental subjects. New York: Harper & Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

norses and riders it is Col. Dodge, and that he was eminently the individual to do so is evidenced in this book. Through nearly five hundred instructive and entertaining pages the colonel carries his readers, touching on all soils where horses and horsemanship are to be found, discussing even the feminine styles of equestrianism and indulging here and there in comments of the breezy and enjoyable sort as to incidentals which would surely have escaped the eyes of most investigators. Col. Dodge's conclusion is that "this country of ours is the home par excellence of horsemen." The Briton, as a cross-country rider, as a polo-player, as a breeder and rider of race horses at home, in tent-pegging or pig-sticking abroad, is, he believes, unequaled. The German is superior as to the drilling of large bodies of horse; the Frenchman excels in the niceties of breaking, training and manege-riding: norse; the Frenchman excels in the niceties of breaking, training and manege-riding; the best Arab is not as good as the best European or American; the Cossack is the best light cavalryman in the world; the Australian is a close second to our plains rider; but in the very highest form of horsemanship—distance riding—Americans are unapproceched are unapproached.

AMERICA'S ADVERTISERS. Who they are, where they are, how they have developed, and what they are doing at the present time; together with certain facts and suggestions concerning advertising in general and as applied to va-rious lines of trade. New York: The National Advertising Co.

A volume that to persons interested in adpensable. Contains a vast amount of information closely pertinent to the subject indicated by the title. Opening up with an erally accepted theory; but I notice that interesting historical sketch, in which the growth of advertising is cleverly treated, it more money. I remember that my father gives a detailed description of the general advertising houses in this country, and then proceeds to tell how they advertise and what mediums they use, how much they spend and how they spend it, the history of those who have been successful and to what those who have been successful and to what they attribute their success, how they started, what their plans were and how they grew, how certain advertisers started upon the wrong basis, pursued the wrong course, and either met with failure or made a change of plans; to what the great advertisers of the country attribute their success, how advertisers of the present day can profitably employ the principles used by successful advertisers of the past to their own certain success, how advertisers of the pres-

ESSAYS ON QUESTIONS OF THE DAY; POLITI-CAL AND SOCIAL By Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. author of 'The United States: an Outline of Political History," and "Canada and the Canadian Question." New York: Macmillan & Co. Washington: W. H. Lowdermilk & Co. In a terse preface Prof. Smith states his general position so plainly that the critic is almost disarmed at the outset. He declares small potato. One's self-respect receives constant chill by the neglect of his neigh yet unconverted to state socialism, who ooks for further improvement "not to an increase of the authority of government, but ness' to the same agencies, moral, intellectual and economical, which have brought us thus far, and one of which—science—is now operating with immensely increased power." He offers no panacea or nostrum, he says, and looks for improvement, not for regeneration, which is rather a relief when we remember how many there are who prophers great which is rather a relief when we remember how many there are who prophesy great disorder. The subjects dealt with are: "Social and Industrial Revolution," "The Question of Disestablishment," "The Political Crisis in England," "The Empire," "Woman Suffrage," "The Jewish Question," "The Irish Question," "Prohibition in Canada and the United States" and "The Oneida Community and American Socialism." da Community and American Socialism."

BIOGRAPHY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

With critical remarks upon the works of ancient and modern authors, and some account of their history; also an examination into the present position of English among the languages of the world. By Arthur MacArthur, LL.D., of this city, author of "Education in Its Relation to Manual Industry," &c. Washington, D. C., In his preface Judge MacArthur says that

"probably the most illiterate persons in England were those who first spoke and heard the English language. Its very existence was threatened by Norman-French laws and forms of speech, but the old Saxon element was still a numerous body, and refused to surrender its vernacular. The two races were ultimately blended into one peoraces were ultimately blended into one peo-ple, and their language was the natural re-sult of their situation." This volume is a history of that language alone. Not writ-ten for philological scientists, it commends itself to the average reader. It is an ad-mirable production.

GRANNY'S WONDERFUL CHAIR AND ITS TALES
OF FAIRY TIMES. By Frances Browne. Illustrated by Marie Seymour Lucas. New York:
E. P. Dutton & Co. Washington: Wm. Bellantype & Sons.

Nearly forty years ago "Granny's Wonlerful Chair" was so popular that it went out of print. Then it was lost for many years, and, although diligent search was made for it, it remained lost until 1880. Now it reappears, in better form than any it has previously known, to charm thousands of youngsters.

THE STORY OF AUNT PATIENCE. By Mary D. Brine, author of "Grandma's Attic Treasures," "Grandma's Memories," &c. Illustrated by F. C. Gordon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Washington: Wm. Ballantyne & Sons. A romance told in rhyme and artistically illustrated. The "old, old story," with its joys and sorrows; ending happily. A beau-

SUNNY TALES FOR ENOWY DAYS. Told by Helen Marion Burnside, E. Neshit, Edward Garrett and others. Edited by Edric Vreden-burg. Illustrations by the Marchioness of Wa-terford, Fanny Moody, Helen Jackson, John Lawson and others. New York: Raphael Tuck

TOLD BY THE SUNBEAMS AND MF., Stories written by Helen Marion Burnside, E. Nesbit, Mary Dickens, M. A. Hoyer and others. Edited by Edric Vredenburg. Illustrated by Helen Jackson, Jane Willis Grey, Fanny Bowers and others. New York: Raphael Tuck & Sons. "ALL BUT ONE." TOLD BY THE FLOWERS.
Stories by E. Nesbit, Florence Scannell, Ellis
Walton, Helen Marion Burnside and others.
Edited by Edric Vredenburg, Illustrated by
Helen Jackson, E. Taylor, Mabel F. Taylor and
others. New York: Raphael Tuck & Sons.

PEEPS INTO PICTURE LAND. Ilustrated by J. Pauline Lunter. New York: Raphael Tuck & Sons.

NEW PUBLICATIONS. AND FINANCES, in one volume of 100 pages, b fractius Batory of Baltimore, for sale BRENTANO'S, 11th and Pa. ave. d4-mas,5m

mere encomium. The author has done his work perfectly; his prose is poetic and deals with a wealth of fascinating romance.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL. By Sir Walter S
Bart. New York: Macmillan & Co. Was
ton: Wm. Ballantyne & Sons. The latest published of the Dryburgh edition of the Waverley novels; excellently printed and illustrated.

SUCH AS THEY ARE. Poems. By Thomas Went worth Higginson and Mary Thacher Higginson Boston: Roberts Brothers, Washington; Wood ward & Lothrop.

Many of these poems have been published n various periodicals, but they are none the less welcome amid their newer associates in a delicate volume that will enter many homes this month as a Christmas gift.

"DOSE POYS." By Frederics Witman, auth "The Legend of the Mound." "Shut "Washington Letters." &c. Washington: F. Sheiry. THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD ALMANAC FOR

lome of the Advantages That Are Consequent Upon the Practice of

WOMEN FARMERS.

Mrs. S. P. O. of this city in the Rural New Yorker. In a recent Rural New Yorker the case is nentioned of a widow left with children to ducate, and \$15,000 cash as her whole capital. Special stress was laid on the fact that her capital formerly earned 7 per cent, while now she can obtain but 5, and the difficulty of bringing up a family on \$750 vertising is but little, if any, short of indis- a year. Undoubtedly it is to the best interests of a community that the rates of interest should be low. At least that is a gener when the rate is high business men make told me that when he was a young man, nfty years ago in New England, a man was considered rich who had less money than considered rich who had less money than the widow mentioned. She would be rich today if one-third of her capital (\$5,000) was invested in a small farm near a city. Such a place is now easy to obtain. That these farms will rise in value, as commercia

cessful advertisers of the prescertain success, how advertisers of the prescent day can judiciously avoid the failures of advertisers in the past to their own great advantage, how money has been made by advertising in the past and how it can be made in the future, how vast fortunes have been squandered by fruitless attempts in the wrong direction, and how to do successful local advertising; with much other valuable matter.

ESSAYS ON QUESTIONS OF THE DAY; POLITICAL AND SOCIAL BY Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. author of 'The United States; an Outline of assistance are within the reach of the enforcement of the enforcement of the enforcement of the poor children in the cities. Now that the public school is omnipresent, the question of education does not enter. Cheap books, the daily press and the circulating library are accessible to all. Churches, book clubs, the cheap book shops, will educate any child who has a thirst for knowledge, and that thirst is born, not created in our children. If the demand is for something higher, free scholarships and various kinds of assistance are within the reach of the enof assistance are within the reach of the en-ergetic scholar. Not least among the ad-vantages of country living is the sense of

small potato. One's self-respect receives a constant chill by the neglect of his neighbors, who are so much better off that one can not avoid wholly the spontaneous feelings of "envy, malice and all uncharitable-ness" unless he is a very great-minded person. No one has ever lived among city children without observing the dreadful rivairy between them on matters of dress, of living, of social position, &c. Country-bred children grow up more naturally. They learn in nature's school; they find natural pursuits; they are in better physical and moral health, and, if they live near enough the city to be inspired with the ambition not to be clodhoppers, their lives can be of the best. Their characters and bodies are stronger. The bone and sinew of our country comes from the farms almost without exception. The country-bred man brings to the city his robust health, which is the prime factor in commercial or professional success, and he brings a certain honesty of purpose that close contact with nature develops in us all.

Belleving in the capacity of women to manage farms, as is evidenced in every community, the Rural's widow, with a cash capital of \$\$5,000 and several children to love and to work for, seems to me to be an ob-

munity, the Rural's widow, with a cash cap-ital of \$35,000 and several children to love and to work for. seems to me to be an ob-ject of envy. Pity is wasted on her. Let us hope that she has enough intelligence to appreciate the advantages the country af-fords for an investment for her money, her health, her comfort and her peace of mind.

PURELY PRACTICAL. He Wasn't Half as Much of a Fool as

He Looked. As he shot into the editorial arena he

wiped his bald head with his gaudy silk handkerchief. "I want to be attacked," he said as he winked at the answers to corresp

"The man who attacks people and who sheds the innocent gore of indignant readers who have had their names spelled wrong in the paper can be found down the passage, second floor on the left," said the mild young man, who was indicting an answer to Julia B.'s request for a recipe to remove freckles from her ear.

"You misunderstand my meaning, young man" said the stranger as he dived into his pocket and produced a 6 by 8 business

B. H. PULKERHAM,
Dealer in Choice Teas, Unparalleled Coffee, Cheapest Sugars and all kinds of Family
Groceries, Domestic and Imported, at the Great Continental Store and Home Sup-

"Well, Mr. Pulkerham, what can we d for you?" said the editor.
"You see, mister, it's just this way," said the grocer as he took a chair. "Business ain't what it orter be and ordinary advertising don't seem to draw worth a cent. Now, ever since Sanford, who keeps the tea store on the corner above, was accused o having two wives living—one in the peni tentiary and the other hawking fruit in St

tentiary and the other hawking fruit in St. Louis—the women flock to his store to buy their groceries. Now, if you would write a column saying that I had eloped with two beau iful daughters of one of our leading citizens, and my wife, for the make of the family, had kept the horrid secret to herself, it might draw Sanford's customers to my store. I'll go away for a few days, and the sympathy my wife will get will give The four picture books whose titles pre-cede this have novel attachments, viz: Each a picture to which the little folks are in-these dull days."